

You drive me wild

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Summary: A new mysterious boy arrives as a transfer to Hogwarts.

Everyone is in shock with his charm, but what they don't know is that this boy hides dark demons. Even Draco takes a certain interest in him.. Warnings: Drugs, addiction

1. Home sweet Home

Today was a rather cold and upsetting day in Melbourne, Australia. The clouds were covering most of the city, giving it a strange, gloomy aura. The wind was just cold enough to pinch your skin in the swiftest way possible. Although it was winter now, in Australia, the temperature was still rather surprising for end-August time.

>Thomas Jay Wilson, a young man who was a former student at Grouse School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, was just as mysterious as the weather this day. His dark hair gave a deep expression on his face, which rarely showed emotions anyways. His thick eyebrows added a fearless expression to his hazel eyes, which would strike anyone in terror by the charm he evoked. Just to add more to his expression, his ears were stretched and his nose was pierced, which added to the rebel look he gave.

The boy fell out of his dreamless sleep, sitting on the edge of his messy bed. He slid his hand through his morning hair and rested his head between his hands. For some unknown reason, dreamless sleeps were painful for him, and always gave him a nauseous feeling in the morning, accompanied by a striking headache. It took him a while to let the feeling cool down and get up. He threw on a pair of sweatpants and black t-shirt and opened his drawer near his bed. He lifted the small crack in the drawer, revealing a secret box, underneath. He pulled the box on his bed and took the bag that resided inside. The white powder he was so addicted to laid there, waiting for him to take his morning dose. After lining up some powder on a piece of paper, he inhaled all he could in his nostril, exhaling deeply after, finally feeling free from all the worries he had before. After the box was put back where it belonged, he headed downstairs, following the smell of bacon and eggs coming from the

kitchen.

"Good morning son. Had a good sleep?" Elizabeth May Wilson, his mother, was a petite brunette witch with a strict looking face, yet a warming personality. She was very caring and loving, like any mother, but this was also the reason why Thomas would hide most of his life from his parents. Their deceptions would hurt too much.

>"Morning mother. Yes, I did. Looking forward to today."
As it was, today was a special day for Thomas. He was transferring school, to the famous British school, Hogwarts. His father was a spy for Voldemort in Australia, but now things are slowly changing, requiring him to be in England. Moving there was the only possible way to make everything possible for the family. Even his mother was working for Voldemort. No one would ever suspect, which is a great advantage of her. Thomas knew exactly what awaited him when he turned old enough.

>"Son, you should pack your things after breakfast. Were going to leave soon after that were going to the new house to drop our things and then your off to the train station. The train leaves at 1, so the quicker you pack, the more time unpacking we have."
Although his father was a Deatheater, he was a great and patient father. He was rarely home but it gave Thomas time to miss him more. His father , contrary to his mother, had a fun vibe around him, giving him a young look. Both father and son had similar features, sharing matching tattoos. Their relationship was good, even if the moments were rare.

>"Ill be going straight after" said Thomas.
He sat down at the table and took his fork, ready to attack his eggs. His drug already started having an effect on him, making him feel ready to attack the day. As time passed by, he felt more awake, more hyper and even more happy. The taste of his eggs even changed, making him trip out a little.

>He finished eating fast, thinking it was better to go back right now and headed straight upstairs. He took many boxes out and started filling them up with everything he could find. Clothes, wand, books he bought in Australia that were on his Hogwarts list, his school supplies, robes, all of his cocaine bags, cigarettes and his pet snake safely in a cage.
It didn't take very long for everyone to be ready near the fireplace, and finally travel by floo to the new house.

They arrived in a different fireplace, with a new surrounding that felt slightly darker than the old house. Home sweet home.

2. Traveling Far

It has only been 3 hours since the Wilson family arrived to London and everything was already set in the house, thanks to a good use of magic and cleaning charms. It looked beautiful, yet dark and threw a mysterious aura that was strangely soothing. Thomas's room was wide and spacious with walls painted black all the way up to the ceiling. Furniture stood out with the silver glow it gave matching well with other silver decorations. He felt it represented him well and he had many hiding places in such a big room.

>It soon came the time to travel to Kings Cross station, so Thomas packed his most important things he was going to need. The last thing he took was Snow , his albino snake he loved more than anything. She was always near him. After counting every item and making sure nothing was forgotten, he headed downstairs where his mother was

waiting for him. His father was working, probably. It didn't matter because his mother was always there for him.<p>

"Platform 9 3/4!"

They arrived automatically on the platform where a huge train was stationed, awaiting for the students to embark. Most parents were saying goodbye to their children, some crying, some nervously giving them things they forgot. It didn't matter for Thomas, at the moment, they were all irrelevant to him. He couldn't tell who would be in his year group, because he was much taller than most people of his age anyways. On the other hand, first years were easily spottable as they were the most nervous of all the batch.

>Thomas turned around to Elizabeth, and gave her a long , heart-warming hug. He whispered in her ear "Thank you, mom". And gave her a soft kiss on her cheeks.
"Please take care Tom."

>After nodding to her, Thomas headed straight to the nearest train door and stepped in, revealing an old looking passageway with glass compartment doors everywhere. It was soon impossible to find one that was completely empty so he kindly knocked the door of the closest compartment, only containing two people. Seemed fair. He opened the door and faced the first boy on his left.
"Sorry to bother but everywhere else is full. Do you mind?"

>"Yeah,sure." Mouthed a thick boy with a lost expression.
-My name is Thomas, nice to meet you.

>-Im Crabbe and this is Goyle.
-So what year are you in? Havent seen you around. Asked Goyle.

>-Yeah, im in third year.
The door slid open in a barbaric way, showing a tall blonde boy, with pale skin and washed out eyes in the door opening. He soon looked frustrated.

>-Whos he?
-Im Thomas.

>-What are you doing in our compartment?
-Its full everywhere.

>-Whatever.
He sat down next to Thomas and stuffed his bag under the seat. He looked exhausted, but somehow still managed to look great and handsome. He slid his hand through his hair and faced Thomas.

>-Im Malfoy. Draco Malfoy.
-Thomas Wilson.

>-Are you in fifth year or something?
-Third,actually.

>-What house?
-House?

>-Are you stupid?
-Im a transfer student, I've got no damn clue what your on about.

>-Ah. That explains the weird accent. So where are you from?
-Australia.

>The conversation went on for an hour or two, discussing various topics. Thomas learnt that Draco was very found of his pureblood status and loved letting people know. He seemed to also think of himself as very important, which was mildly annoying. But , he played Quidditch which was a common base for both of the boys to talk about. They shared similar tastes on various hobbies and slowly started bonding. It was all cut off harshly when the train slowly started stopping. Draco looked outside the window.
-Whats going on. Were far from Hogwarts. Shouldn't be stopping yet.

>Thomas looked at a nervous Draco.
-Probably some technical problem.

>But at that precise moment, the train lights flashed out, and the temperature dropped to an extreme, even making the windows freeze. A sudden feeling of sadness overwhelmed Thomas, giving him a strange illusion that his life wasn't worth it. He didnt quite know what was going on, so he turned to Malfoy, who seemed to have everything

figured out.
-Dementors. They are the guards of the prison, Azkaban. Probably looking for Sirius Black.

>-Right. In the train.
-Dont be a fool. Criminals can be intelligent.

>It took a few minutes before things went back to normal, and the lights successfully reopened to clear the view, and the train moved forward again. The sense of panic in everyone soon left and normal discussions resumed. Thomas needed to release the nerves that took over him. Never ever he would show a sign of weakness in front of anybody.
He pulled out his small bag, where lied his daily addiction. He quickly snorted in a drastic amount of cocaine, and put the bag back where it belonged. Draco looked at him with astonishment.

>"You do drugs?"

>-Yeah.
-Alright mate. You do you."

>Two hours later, the train stopped at a small town which was apparently called Hogsmead. It looked cozy and friendly, with many shops and a single street. Everyone got up, Thomas closely following his three compartment mates. When he stepped out of the train, a tall, old looking professor with half moon glasses touched his arm.
-Mister Wilson?

>-Yes?
-Please follow me. Since you are a transfer student you will be taken to Hogwarts before the first years.

>They walked through a passageway inside a little pub and not long after, they were inside a huge castle. Thomas presumed it was Hogwarts. The professor led him near big doors that reached the tallest ceiling hed seen in his life.
-Pardon me for the rushing, mister Wilson. I am Professor Dumbledore, the headmaster of this school. I will be rejoining the staff inside, please wait here for the first years as you will be lead to the sorting ceremony.

>After giving the man a nod, he vanished through the doors, leaving Thomas by himself.<p>

3. Snakes

The doors of the Great Hall opened widely, letting in the bunch of first years along with Thomas. The Hall was bigger than he had expected it to be, having floating candles just below the bewitched ceiling, recreating the outdoor skies. Four tables laid next to each other, presumably one for each house, and another table at the far end, perpendicular to the rest, being the teachers. Many students were staring at Thomas, most likely thinking he was one very tall first year. Most girls were found awing at the sight of his face, admiring his rebellious beauty.

After the group of first years came to a stop, the professor that led them inside the hall stood near a stool, were sat a old hat. She looked at a list, then to everyone.

-Now when I call your name, you will come sit here and be sorted into your houses. But firstly, Mister Thomas Jay Wilson, a transfer student from Australia will go before we start with the first years, as he is in third year, and must sit with his fellow third years. So please mister Wilson?

Thomas stepped up near the stool and sat, waiting for the brown act to be placed on his head. As soon as the hat dropped on his hair, he heard a voice.

-Ah, what a strange combination we have here. But it is clear you only belong to one house, we have a pure SLYTHERIN!

And the far right table clapped loudly. In the crowd of Slytherins, Thomas could easily spot Draco, so he rushed towards him to sit with his new friend. As he is the only person he knows along with Crabbe and Goyle, it was fitting that he sat with them.

A girl with arched eyebrows and full lips looked at Thomas with a big smile on her face.

-Hi, my name is Pansy Parkinson. Welcome to Slytherin, were happy to have you!

-Thank you gorgeous. So tell me, what is special about "slytherin"?

Pansy didn't seem to have noticed her blush of a very bright tint of red as she spoke back.

-Its the best house, we win at everything, except now that Potter is here, our reputation is even more tainted then before. But like our house logo, the snake, we are sly and cunning, we are known to be ambitious and using every way possible to achieve our goals. Because there is no way a Slytherin can fail, or be wrong.

-That sounds like me for sure. And im not quite sure i heard you correctlyâ€|Did you say Harry Potter was here?

-Yes.. He is at the Gryffindor table. (She pointed at Harry) He is the star of the school, the savior of all students and the youngest seeker in the history of Hogwarts.

-Impressive.

-Barely.

They continued talking over the meal, which grandly impressed Thomas with the huge variety of food available. He met some of his fellow classmates at his table. Blaise Zabini , Theodore Nott ,Millicent Bulstrode , Pansy Parkinson just to name a few. Thomas had a particular liking of Theodore Nott, on the other hand, both sharing a wide range of likes. What intrigued him the most was, Notts particular liking in recreational drugs, which was something that drew Thomas closer.

>Both boys spoke for a long time, all the way down through the dungeons and into the common room. It was Theodore that showed him everything he needed to see, shared his first line of coke in Hogwarts and led him to his new bed in his dormitory. The same dormitory was shared with Theodore, Draco and Blaise, which reassured Thomas to a certain level, knowing he knew all of his dorm mates already.
After settling down, the three boys looked at Thomas, but Blaise was the first one to speak.

>-So, hows Hogwarts so far Australia boy?
-Better than my old school, I quite like it.

>-What did you guys do in that school anyways? Asked Draco.
-Loads of parties after curfews, but the course was the same. We had our Quidditch teams and some other boring clubs.

>-Parties? We have to try this for sure. Said Nott.
-Yeah I mean, once im familiar with faces here, it would be awesome to throw

one.

It was the first morning in Hogwarts for Thomas and everything seemed normal yet different. It was the same routine as his old school, but new faces. He surprisingly enjoyed the new people and most of all he liked having Harry Potter in his class. He was an interesting boy with a big story to tell, and that was something he was striving for.

>The last lesson of the day was his favorite, Defense against the dark arts. This year, Hogwarts apparently had a new teacher as usual, his name was professor Lupin. Thomas entered the class and took a seat beside Theodore and Draco.
-Welcome to Defense Against the dark Arts third years. My name is Professor Lupin and I will be your teacher. Now this year, we are introduced to dementors, by the fault of Sirius Black, so today we are going to practice how to fight our fears. Anyone knows what a boggart is?

>A girl with brown curly hair spiked her hand in the air the second he asked the question.
-Yes, miss..?

>-Granger sir. A boggart will take the for of anyones greatest fear.
-Correct. Now, I will teach you the spell to counter it. Repeat after me, no wands please, Ri-ddi-ku-lus!

>The class repeated, maybe around 5 times just to get the spell well incrusted in their memories.
-Everybody line up. Behind this cupboard lies a boggart. When it comes to your turn, your say the spell correctly, and so on, to the next person. Am I clear?

>"Yes professor"
Many students went , showing their fear to everyone in the class. Some feared spiders, snakes, bugs, lightning, blood and so on. It was interesting to see, and also a way to get to know people better. Then came Thomass turn. Knowing his only fear was clowns, a very scary one that looked like he was ready to kill appeared in front of him. Trying not to show his utter terror towards it, he shouted the spell as soon as he recovered his voice and the clown suddenly lost all of his makeup and was now wearing a dress, which made him look beyond hilarious.

The day was soon wrapped up after a long enjoyable feast and all that was left was to sleep and await for another great day.

End
file.